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**MISSOURI  
HISTORICAL  
REVIEW.**

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**F. A. SAMPSON, Secretary,  
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# MISSOURI HISTORICAL REVIEW.

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# MISSOURI

## HISTORICAL REVIEW.

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VOL. 6.

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### THE SHELBY RAID, 1863.\*

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All the survivors of the armies of the frontier, and of the border, have vivid recollections of the rebel general, Jo Shelby, and of his brave command. Especially is this true of the representatives of the Twenty seventh and of the Seventh Missouri regiments, here assembled in reunion, as we met and fought Shelby and his men many times in the three years, beginning at Lexington in 1861 and ending at Mine Creek in 1864, and learned to know him well.

Of all the cavalry commanders in the Confederate army west of the Mississippi river, Jo Shelby was unquestionably the best. There were others who excelled him in military education, but they were far inferior to him in natural military genius, as well as in that dash and personal magnetism so necessary in a leader of a large cavalry force.

His most conspicuous and daring achievement was in that extensive expedition into Missouri from Arkansas in the fall of 1863, which has passed into history as the "Shelby Raid," to which my purpose today is to briefly direct your attention and recall some of its stirring memories.

At that time, Shelby was colonel of the Fifth Missouri Confederate cavalry, and was also commanding what was

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\* Read at Reunion at Clinton, September 27, 1894.

then known as Shelby's brigade of Price's army, and he then had for his adjutant-general, Captain, afterwards Major, John N. Edwards, a most picturesque, original and attractive writer, possessing quite an active imagination, but whose reports were so exaggerated always as to destroy their historic value.

On the 22nd day of September, 1863, Shelby left Arkadelphia, Ark., with 600 men, parts of three regiments of his brigade, Gordon's, Shanks' and Hooper's, with Elliott's battalion of scouts, and a section of Bledsoe's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Harris. On the 30th he was joined by Col. Hunter at McKissick's Springs with 200 men, recruited in Missouri and Arkansas.

On the 2nd of October he was met at Pineville by Col. Coffee with 400 men, recruited in the same manner as Hunter's had been. He passed through Neosho on October 4th, capturing Capt. McAfee's command of Union troops there. His force was then estimated at 1500 by Capt. McAfee.

October 5th he marched through Greenfield and on the 6th through Humansville, and arrived at Warsaw October 7th, and by this time his force had reached nearly, if not quite, 2000 men, according to all accounts. His successful march to the Osage river from the southwestern corner of Missouri is, however, easily accounted for by the fact that after the return of the Missouri Union troops into this state in the summer of 1863, after their campaign with the army of the Frontier in the fall and winter of 1862-3, they were scattered in small detachments garrisoning widely severed and distant posts, and were actively engaged in chasing and dispersing the numerous guerilla bands which then infested every county in the state south of the Missouri river.

For this purpose the territory south of that river had been divided into military districts. Gen. McNeil was in northwestern Arkansas and also in command of the district south of the Osage river in Missouri; Gen. Brown of the territory in this state, between the Missouri and Osage rivers west of Jefferson City and east of Cass county, and Gen.

Ewing was at Kansas City in command of the forces stationed at the various posts in Lafayette, Bates and Cass counties.

The combined cavalry troops under these three commanders exceeded those under Shelby, but their concentration on such short notice was a work of difficulty and danger and required time.

When Shelby reached Humansville, General Brown was at Clinton on a tour of inspection, having left Major J. H. Steger with the remainder of his staff at Jefferson City. Hearing of Shelby's advance, Brown marched to Osceola. Col. Philips with ten companies of the Seventh M. S. M. left Sedalia October 6th for Osceola, arriving there on the 8th. Col. Lazear with ten companies of the First M. S. M. left Warrensburg on the Seventh and arrived at Clinton the next day. Gen. Brown then moved with the Seventh to Sedalia and ordered Col. Lazear with the First east from Clinton in the direction of Warsaw. At that time all three of its Majors, Foster, Houts and Suess were on duty with the Seventh regiment. Major Suess had been detailed as chief of cavalry in the Central Military District, but was relieved from that duty at his own request in order to join his brave comrades in the field. Major Houts had been at Warsaw in command of the post there but had gathered up his battalion, then widely scattered at different places, escaped from Shelby, and joined Col. Philips at Clinton in order to be, where he always was, in the front of the coming battles. Major Foster had been desperately wounded in the battle of Lone Jack in August, 1862, the bloodiest conflict, in proportion to the numbers engaged, of the entire war of the rebellion. He had arisen from what seemed to be his death bed and had rejoined his beloved regiment at Greenfield in the spring of 1863, had returned with it from the southwest in the summer of that year, and was upon his arrival at Osceola appointed by Gen. Brown as his chief of staff for that campaign. Upon his arrival at Osceola on the evening of October 8th, Gen. Brown learned that Shelby had passed Warsaw and was marching north towards the Pacific railroad. Major Foster with 200 men, detachments of Cos.

B and G of the Seventh, commanded by Captain Ferguson and Lieutenant Sandy Love, was directed by Gen. Brown to locate Shelby, keep within fighting distance of him, and observe his movements. Foster marched all night of the 8th, ascertaining near midnight that he was in Shelby's rear and so reported to Gen. Brown. Reaching Warsaw at 7:45 a. m. on the 9th, Foster learned that Shelby had moved towards Sedalia on the Cole Camp road. He moved at once by a more direct, though less traveled road, and rode clear around Shelby's entire command, getting between him and Sedalia and capturing a number of prisoners out of his rear guard. By dragging branches of trees behind them in the road, Foster's men raised such a cloud of dust as to completely deceive Shelby and lead him to believe that General Brown was close behind him with a large force. Whereupon, instead of going directly from Cole Camp to Sedalia as was his evident purpose, Shelby deflected to the east in the direction of Tipton.

This view was helped along by a clever ruse on the part of Major Foster and Lieutenant Lowe: Lowe captured three (3) prisoners, and as he rode up to the head of the column towards Major Foster with them, the latter, wheeling his horse, said to Lowe, "Colonel, how far back is your regiment?" "About a half mile, General," said Lowe. Just then Lowe purposely let the prisoners get away, and they soon afterwards reached and told Shelby that Col. Philips had captured them and that they saw and heard him tell Gen. Brown that his regiment was coming up and was not far away.

Foster then galloped into Sedalia on the afternoon of the 9th, thus saving that important military post from a siege and perhaps capture by Shelby, and Gen. Brown and Col. Philips arrived there that night, the brave fellows of the Seventh having marched from Osceola that day, a distance of 70 miles.

Col. George S. Hall, of the Fourth M. S. M., was then at Sedalia with four companies of his regiment, 200 men, under their veteran Major, Kelly. Major William Gentry, of the Fifth Provisional Missouri Militia, was in command of the

post at Sedalia, with about 100 of his men. This force was afterwards increased by about 120 more men, detachments of the Ninth and Sixtieth regiments under Captains Wear and Freund.

After being mustered out of the Twenty-seventh, at the expiration of our term of service early in 1862, I had re-enlisted in the Twenty-third regiment of Missouri Militia, composed largely of railroad men, had been promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company H in it in that year, and had been detached and served with Brown's brigade in the Arkansas campaign of that fall and winter and had returned with it to central Missouri in the summer of 1863. At the time Shelby marched into Missouri, I was in Sedalia with a small detachment of Companies H and I of the Twenty-third, who were guarding and operating the west end of the Pacific railroad, and therefore in active military service.

Col. Hall was taken quite sick soon after his arrival in Sedalia, so that the command of the battalion of his regiment there devolved on Major Kelly. Majors Kelly and Gentry disposed of their little force to the best advantage for the defense of Sedalia and prepared to fight Shelby to the last, should he attempt to take the place. In addition to my other duties, Major Kelly detailed me to the command of the hastily enrolled recruits we gathered up in that city, and from the latter days of September until October 9th we drilled daily and slept at night in the old freight and passenger depot upon almost the exact spot where the brick passenger station now stands in the city of Sedalia. It chanced to be my turn to be on duty as officer of the day on the afternoon of the 9th when Major Foster arrived. We had a strong picket out just north of Flat creek on the Warsaw road, when he came in sight. They commenced a slow retreat in good order, supposing it was Shelby's advance guard. The bugles of the Fourth sounded the assembly, and Kelly's and Gentry's battalions fell in with the precision and coolness that always distinguished them. Galloping quickly to the pickets, we then saw Major Foster ride forward ahead of his rapidly moving

line and we quickly recognized him, as well as as his black mare, Mary, and rode out to meet him with shouts of welcome, as we knew that he had frightened Shelby out of his course and had saved Sedalia and our little command as well. Upon his arrival Major Foster relieved me from duty at Sedalia and assigned me to field service with him as aid de camp.

Late that night Gen. Brown and Col. Philips arrived in Sedalia with the Seventh regiment about 800 strong. That same night a detachment of 100 men under Capt. James Wood, of Shelby's brigade, dashed into Otterville, capturing Capt. Berry, of the Fifth Provisional regiment and 28 men, burned the bridge over the Lamine river and then overtook Shelby near Tipton. At daybreak on the morning of the 10th Major Kelly and Major Gentry, with 420 men, left Sedalia with orders to find Shelby, form a junction with Col. Lazear, who had followed the rebel trail from Clinton via Calhoun and Cole Camp and who was supposed to be close behind him near Tipton. At day light on the 11th, Gen. Brown left Sedalia with the Seventh going directly to Boonville. Major Foster sent me with Majors Kelly and Gentry on the 10th, directing me to rejoin him when Col. Lazear had overtaken Kelly and Gentry. We struck Shelby's pickets at Syracuse, six miles west of Tipton and fifteen miles east of Sedalia, on the forenoon of the 10th and drove them four miles, into Shelby's lines on the prairie two miles west of Tipton. There we found the entire rebel force, 2000 strong, with two pieces of artillery, in rapid march eastward, and by repeated charges led always by the two gallant majors, Kelly and Gentry, forced them to a stand. They re-formed and opened on us with their artillery and drove us back to Syracuse. There we rode around their right flank by a circuitous route and met Col. Lazear with 500 of the First M. S. M. late that night at Tipton, that brave officer having overtaken Shelby's rear guard there and driven them out of the place. Capt. Darst, with Co. E, of the Seventh, 70 strong, who had been at Versailles, overtook and joined Col. Lazear near Tipton. Capt. Turley, of the Seventh, and myself left Col. Lazear before day-

break of the 11th and started by ourselves across the country, which was filled with stragglers and foragers from Shelby's command and rode all that day from Tipton to the outskirts of Boonville. There we separated, Capt. Turley to try and make his way into town, which he did, and I to find and report to Gen. Brown. I rode south to McGruder's, 8 miles from Boonville on the Sedalia road and was there delighted to find Gen. Brown, Col. Philips and the Seventh regiment encamped.

In the meantime the brave and tireless Lazear, ably supported by the two dashing majors of the First, Mullins and McGhee, as well as Majors Kelly, Gentry and Captain Wear, 1020 men in all, followed and fought Shelby all the way from Tipton to within 4 miles of Boonville on the Tipton road, where Lazear finally laid down to rest in line of battle, without anything to eat, on the night of October 11th. Deceived by a false rumor that Shelby had gone east that night out of Boonville, Gen. Brown moved off the Sedalia road at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 12th and marched 5 miles toward Lazear. Some of us protested at the time, and when the order came to stop and feed, Capt. Foster, of the Seventh, declared that corn could not be injected into his horses even if "squirt guns" were furnished him. At the same time Lieutenant G. Will Houts, of Co. E, of the Seventh, was left behind with 30 men, with orders to move slowly towards Boonville and attack the enemy if he met them. He met and attacked Shelby's advance guard, killing one man and mortally wounding the commanding officer and two others. We heard the firing and galloped back towards it, Major Suess leading the advance. In the meantime Col. Lazear had driven in the enemy's pickets and charged into Boonville from the Tipton road. Our unfortunate blunder in moving east let Shelby out of Boonville via the Sedalia and Marshall road. After thus escaping, Shelby turned west in the direction of Marshall in full and rapid retreat. We galloped steadily forward for 10 miles, passing over our late camping ground and rescued Lieutenant Houts with his little squadron of heroes, and took the right of Col. Lazear's line, who had followed the enemy out of Boon-



ville fighting him every time he could overtake him, until we reached Dug Ford on the Lamine. There Major Suess charged their rear, and Capt. Little of the First dashed into the stream up to the saddle skirts and routed, what seemed to be, the rear guard of the enemy, about 200 or 300 strong. Here, Major Foster took the advance with Companies A, C, D and F of the Seventh and Col. Lazear fell in behind us with his command and we chased the retreating rebels to a stand at the Salt Fork of the Blackwater late in the afternoon. Here Shelby dismounted Shank's regiment west of the creek and deployed them in the brush commanding the ford, bringing up his artillery also which soon got our exact range. We dismounted also near the east bank of the creek, and two guns of Thurber's battery came up and went into action. Here we fought until darkness and a heavy rain storm came on. The bullets fell around us like hail. While delivering the order to dismount to Major Houts, I saw Capt. Box, of Co. H of the Seventh, ride out near the ford in full view of the enemy, and what looked like a hat full of bullets fell all around him leaving him unhurt excepting a few scratches. A few minutes before, while delivering the same order to Capt. Foster of Co. G, of the Seventh, that brave fellow coolly said, looking down at the wet ground while the bullets were singing in our ears and cutting the branches of trees close to our heads, "I'm afraid if we get down here in this mud we'll catch our death from colds."

Here a poor fellow belonging to Thurber's battery had both his legs taken off close to his body by a rebel cannon ball, dying in a few moments, and his gallant Captain knelt by his side with tears streaming down his powder blackened face trying to stop the rush of life blood from the gaping wounds until the unconscious soldier breathed his last and his soul ascended to Heaven.

Major Foster, just before dark, ordered a charge on the ford, and with wild yells, led by the three Majors, Foster, Suess and Houts, we took it and the enemy fell back in a hurry. Here we halted, and laid down on our arms in line

about nine o'clock at night in the rain under the trees, without tents or supper, to wait for morning light so as to renew the attack. Shelby then moved up within six miles of Marshall and halted there that night. At 2 o'clock in the morning Major Foster awoke me and directed me to find Col. Lazear and bring him up to headquarters. I stumbled along through the brush, riding from one camp fire to another in the darkness until I found and awoke Col. Lazear, and together we went back to Major Foster and found him wrapped in an oil cloth blanket under a tree by a camp fire. At Gen. Brown's request, Major Foster directed Col. Lazear to take his regiment with the detachments under Majors Kelly and Gentry and Captain Wear and ride around Shelby's left flank and get into Marshall ahead of him. This was a clear departure from the established military rule, not to divide your force in the face of the enemy; but the result vindicated the judgment of the officers who gave the order. Col. Lazear had two small pieces of artillery with him and these he took along, leaving Thurber's four guns with us. The brave and faithful Lazear moved off on our left in a gallop, Major Mullins leading the advance at daylight, and reached Marshall at 7 a. m., in time to feed, dismount and post his riflemen behind a stone fence on the crest of a gentle slope just east of Marshall. Major Mullins dismounted and took the center, Major Gentry the right, Major McGhee and Captain Wear the crest of the hill on the left, and Major Kelly, mounted, was held in reserve behind the battery. The enemy soon appeared in force, opened on Lazear's brave command with their artillery and charged repeatedly both mounted and on foot up to the stone wall, only to be repulsed with severe loss. In this attack Hunter and Coffee had the right of the line, Gordon the Center, Hooper the left, and Shanks the rear of Shelby's force. So fierce was the fight that Major Edwards with his usual poetic license says that Ewing was in front of them with 4000 men and Brown behind them with 4000 more. Our total force in the field that day was 1020 under Lazear and less than 800 under Philips. Gen. Brown and Col. Philips started after

Shelby early on the morning of the 13th from the battle field of Salt Fork, as soon as it was light enough to see the road. At 8 a. m. we heard the roar of the battle, and galloped towards the sound of the guns. Major Houts was sent forward in advance with Companies H, I and K of the Seventh, and charged the rear regiment of the rebel command under Shanks and became hotly engaged with it. Between us and the town was a creek with steep banks covered with scrubby undergrowth. Here the enemy's rear guard under Shanks was posted on high ground commanding the ford and also a little bridge which they had partly torn up. Capt. Foster was sent a half mile above this and dismounted, and the battalion under Majors Suess and Foster soon followed him, with two pieces of artillery, leaving Major Houts with the other two guns and his three companies fighting on the bridge with the rebel rear guard. He fought them for an hour, never yielding, and finally crossed and drove the rear guard back on the main body. In the meantime we had worked around through hills and hollows and all sorts of obstacles to a position on the left bank of the enemy. He got our exact range and opened on us with his artillery, and the shot and shell plowed up the ground in our ranks. We then dismounted and started for them. They then moved off to the north and stopped in a hemp field, the hemp still standing and nearly if not quite grown, about three-quarters of a mile north of Marshall. Here Col. Phillips left the battery with two companies, F and G, behind it for support and the remainder of the Seventh, except Major Hout's battalion, still on foot, went into action on the left of Majors Kelly and Gentry. Here as we mounted to support the battery, Sam West, of Company G, saw a dead rebel lying on the ground near by with a pair of new boots on. This was a temptation he never could resist, so he at once dismounted and began to pull the boots off of the dead man. Major Foster, as he rode by, saw it and said, in his quick, stern way, "Are you robbing the dead, you scoundrel?" "No, Major," blandly replied the unabashed Sam, "he don't need any boots in hell, where he's gone, and mine's plum wore out."

Just then we charged through the hemp, led by Major Foster, and drove back a large body of their cavalry, and as we fell back to the artillery again, when the field was clear, I saw Sam West galloping along in the ranks with what looked like a new pair of boots on.

After dismounting we then fought them at close range for nearly an hour, when the gallant Kelly charged with his mounted battalion and broke their center, cutting Shelby's force completely in two in the middle. With a wild yell, Col. Lazear's and Col. Philips' command rushed in and filled the gap in the rebel lines and poured a hot fire in on them. Hunter and Coffee thus cut off swung off to the right closely pursued by Major Houts with two companies of the Seventh. Col. Lazear started towards Lexington with a rush, to head Shelby off, as when his command was thus severed, that foxy old soldier doubled on his trail and galloped off towards Miami with the remainder of his command. Led by Col. Philips and Majors Foster and Suess, we remounted and spurred after the retreating rebels, Majors Kelly and Gentry joining in the chase. As we rode down a long lane on the Miami road, we saw a crowd around their best gun, a ten-pounder, and guessed that something had gone wrong. The limber had broken and it was disabled, but we did not know it then. Major Foster ordered Captain Box, of Company H, Seventh, to deploy his company through a little patch of scrub oaks, dismount them, charge the gun and take it, while Companies F and G galloped down the road to attack the rear guard of the enemy and drive off the support behind the gun as well. Just here I saw Captain Box execute one of the coolest maneuvers ever seen upon a battle field. As he charged, on foot, towards the gun, the enemy poured in a terrific fire on him at short range, staggering his men and twisting his line. Box ran well up in front of his advancing column and shouted in a voice easily heard above the roar of the battle, "mark time, march, left, left, left," as if on company drill. His brave fellows dressed up as if on parade when, waving his saber high in air, the gallant captain shouted, "charge, come

on, boys," and away they went slap into a superior force and took the gun away from them. By this time we had struck the enemy's rear guard and the battery support, too, and were chasing them down the road. Captain Box soon followed us, bringing the gun along, having spliced the limber in incredibly short time with a scrub oak sapling and a halter strap.

This was never reported, but no one who saw it can ever forget it, or withhold unstinted praise to the brave men who took part in that unique but wonderfully effective moment.

We chased Shelby's men all that afternoon through the prairie towards Miami. They tried to tear up the bridge over Salt Fork, but we were so close behind them that they dropped the broken planks and ran. They had remounted their entire command on fresh horses before reaching Boonville, sweeping the country before them, and thus had an immense advantage over our jaded mounts. We had a running fight with them for 10 miles and at 5 p. m. near Miami we crowded them so close that they formed into line of battle. Game little Charley Thurber brought up his battery in a dead run, and opened on them at half mile range with telling effect as he always did, while we charged them in close column. Again they fell back going directly north towards the river with their wagons in front. Here Col. Philips and Major Suess with three companies, cut across the prairie towards the head of the retreating column, while Major Foster pursued their center and Major Kelly the rear. Col. Philips mired down in a swamp in the prairie and came near losing his big gray horse, and in making a detour after he got out, lost his place and got behind us. Shelby seeing this, left the main road and turned west on a bridle path through Van Meters' farm. We yelled and shot at them and gave them many sarcastic invitations to stop, but they threw off blankets, tin cups, bundles of forage, hats and everything but guns, and again escaped in the twilight. We followed until it got too dark to see, and then staked our horses out on the open prairie, and tried to sleep with our saddles for pillows, with nothing

to eat, and no covering but the clouded and rainy sky. All this time Major Houts was closely following Hunter, who retreated directly south through Otterville and Cole Camp.

Here Gen. Brown who had remained at Marshall after the battle there, ordered Majors Kelly and Gentry with Thurber's battery back to Marshall and from there to join Col. Hall of the Fourth, who had remained at Sedalia, in the pursuit of Hunter and Coffee. During the night, Col. Brutsche, of the Ninth Provisional regiment, with 200 men overtook us, and at 4 in the morning on the 14th, we again started on the enemy's trail. The road was strewn with all sorts of plunder, showing the demoralized state of the rebel force after the battle of Marshall, and the subsequent pursuit.

When we reached the Missouri river that day, we found that the enemy had abandoned two ambulances, five army wagons, and forty head of mules. We got the ambulances and Col. Hall afterwards secured the mules. Three of the wagons were loaded with ammunition, and all had been dumped into the river. We followed up the Lexington road 12 miles south of the river, and here Col. Lazear passed us going towards Lexington, and also Col. Wear, of Gen. Ewing's command, with 500 men of the 9th Kansas cavalry. We went up to the Sedalia road 14 miles from Lexington and then turned south, as our horses were so worn out we could not again overtake the fleeing rebels.

The next day we marched 25 miles to Mulkeys' and there camped, and on the 18th arrived at Sedalia, having marched 310 miles in 9 days, two nights and parts of seven nights in the rain and mud, without rations or camp equipage of any kind.

Major Houts, with two companies of the Seventh and two companies of the Forty-third Missouri Militia, under Captain Hart, chased Hunter and Coffee from Marshall south through Otterville to Cole Camp, where Col. Hall relieved him. Col. Lazear pursued Shelby, who then had between 500 and 700 men with him, towards Waverly, when Shelby turned south towards Warrensburg, Lazear after him. Lazear then fol-

lowed via Columbus to Rose Hill, when Gen. Ewing relieved him.

Col. Hall left Sedalia on the 15th, overtook Major Houts at Cole Camp and chased Hunter to Duroc, 15 miles below Warsaw.

Major Gentry left Marshall the day after the battle there and joining Col. Hall at Sedalia helped him pursue Hunter to Duroc.

Gen. McNeil had concentrated his force by this time, and his advance under Major King of the Sixth M. S. M., overtook Hunter on October 16th, 15 miles from Quincy, and had a running fight with him to Humansville, where he captured Shelby's remaining piece of artillery and 40 rounds of ammunition. Hunter then scattered his men in the brush and escaped via Stockton, King closely pursuing him. Gen. Ewing and Col. Wear arrived in Sedalia on the 12th, but not hearing from Gen. Brown, who was, as before stated, at Boonville, Gen. Ewing counter marched to Warrensburg and then moved southwest through Chilhowee. His adjutant in this campaign was Lieut. J. L. Thornton, a Johnson county boy, cousin of Major Houts. Thornton had served in the Twenty-seventh and then re-enlisted in the Eleventh Kansas cavalry, Ewing's own regiment. Ewing had about 600 men and Wear 500. Col. Wear moved northwest from Sedalia, passed us near Lexington, as before stated, and pursued Shelby until Ewing joined in the chase near Butler. Ewing and Wear chased Shelby through Carthage and Diamond Springs, crowding the enemy so closely as to drive him into the brush. By that time Shelby's force had almost lost the semblance of an organized body, and many of his men were captured by the pursuing forces. When thus taken, the rebels were in a pitiable plight, and many were demented, and in a dying condition, from hunger, exposure, loss of sleep, and terrific, long marching without rest.

On the 4th of November, Shelby arrived near Washington in the southern part of Arkansas, and there called on his superior officer, Gen. Marmaduke, for more men and supplies.



We found 53 dead and 98 wounded rebels on the battle field at Marshall. Our loss there was 42 killed and wounded. When last seen by our troops, Hunter had about 500 men and Shelby about 600, or 1100 in all.

Gen. Shelby in his official report admits the loss of 150 men in this expedition, and claims to have arrived at Washington with about 1200 men. Every man who saw his command in line, as we did at Syracuse, Marshall and Miami, knows that it then largely outnumbered Gen. Brown's entire force, as counting every man in the battle of Marshall, Gen. Brown had as follows: Lazear, 500; Kelly, 200; Gentry and Wear, 320; Philips about 800; total, 1820.

Gen. Ewing was never nearer than 50 miles of the Marshall fight. Not long ago, one of Gen. Shelby's admirers, was claiming for him, in his presence, it is said, that he was crushed by a superior force at Marshall, but the gallant rebel grimly said: "Boys, it was Missourian against Missourian and man to man in that fight, and we were d—d badly whipped, and the less said about it by us, the better."

Shelby's method of marching was peculiar to himself. While his rear guard was moving, his advance guard slept and fed, so that one-third of his command was resting and getting something to eat while the other two-thirds were moving. Another device he adopted, was that of taking oats in the bundle from the stacks in the fields near the road, and directing each man to carry a bundle of grain, with heads extended back of him, so that the horse behind him would eat it as he walked along, while his own horse was eating in the same manner from the bundle in front of him.

The road where they marched was thus strewn with oats until it looked like an old time barnyard threshing ground. At the camp fires where we struck them, we found many ramrods with long strings of half baked dough curled around them, and as we passed Marshall, after our fight there, as above described, I remember seeing one poor fellow who had been shot down by the fire, who held in his lifeless hand, his ramrod and a long string of half baked dough twisted around it, his last meal in the army.

Moving thus as he did in front of us, on the same roads, Shelby was enabled, by such a system, to sweep the country clean as he went of everything in the shape of food, forage and horses, notwithstanding our close and unremitting pursuit, while we were compelled to follow as best we could. We could not leave the road directly behind him for fear of his escape from us, so that while his men were constantly remounted on fresh horses, we followed on the faithful, but tired animals we started on. The result was that he could both outmarch and outrun our commands, and while he was foraging in our front, we were compelled to follow him on jaded horses, through an exhausted country.

When we took the field, the troops in Gen. Brown's district were stationed over a territory 120 miles square, with no railroad facilities west of Sedalia, and only one line to that point, which was destroyed by the burning of the Lamine bridge.

In seven days we were concentrated, marched over 300 miles, without forage, rations, or camp equipage, three days and nights in rain and mud, and in that time we killed and wounded a large number of the enemy, captured about 100 prisoners, one piece of artillery, all of his wagon train, small arms and ammunition; and our skirmishing and fighting extended over 100 miles of thickly wooded country. If it had been in Virginia or Tennessee it would have been called one of the great campaigns of the civil war, and thus passed into history.

Gen. Brown, Cols. Philips and Lazear, Majors Foster, Suess, Houts, Kelly, Gentry, Mullins, McGhee, and all the other officers in Brown's brigade, were constantly on duty and shared every hardship with their brave men.

Of the gallant boys who followed our guidons to victory in this campaign, no better or braver soldiers ever fought in any war at any time in the world's history. I recall with pride their matchless courage and endurance, for truly they were a magnificent body of fighting men, and such was the opinion of every soldier who ever saw them or who ever

served with them. And what is true of the command of Gen. Brown, is equally so of the brave officers and men led by those tried and valiant soldiers, Generals Ewing and McNeil. Ewing chased Shelby from the southwestern part of Johnson county, Missouri, nearly to the Arkansas river, aided by McNeil, and together they undoubtedly killed, wounded and captured more of the rebel forces than we did, although they never could force Shelby to another fight like that at Marshall, as he well knew that his demoralized and dispirited troops could never survive another such a defeat.

It is hard to correctly estimate Shelby's losses in this campaign, as the fighting was so continuous as well as rapid and spread over such a wide area of thinly inhabited country. It was evidently far greater than ever reported by either side, and doubtless Shelby never knew the full extent of it. It is certain that the worn, exhausted, starved and half demented men who followed him out of Missouri, bore but little resemblance to the elated and dashing troopers who came in with him. The small losses, even so far as reported on both sides, were due to the fact that all the troops engaged on both sides were cavalry, in rapid movement, and so it was difficult to aim as correctly as in infantry and artillery duels. Shelby and his brave men proved themselves to be warriors well "worthy of our steel" in this great expedition. By it Shelby himself earned a place in history, properly, alongside of Stuart, Forrest, Morgan and other great leaders of cavalry on the Confederate side. And on our side such regimental and battalion commanders as Philips, Wear, Lazear, Foster, Houts, Suess, Kelly, Gentry, Mullins, McGhee and King and the gallant officers and men they led to victory against Shelby would have delighted the heart of that greatest of all cavalry leaders the world has yet seen, Sheridan, could they have served under him.

Foster, it always seemed to me, in a wider field, would have been a cavalry general like Gregg, Torbert or Merritt, while Houts would have equalled such generals as Custer in dash and courage, and excelled them in judgment.

I trust you will pardon me in thus referring to my two comrades with whom it was my privilege to serve in the Twenty-seventh, and this reference here is made to them especially because it seems to me an appropriate time and place for such a well earned tribute. Of Foster, Sues and Houts, Col. Philips said, "The service has not in it a nobler trio than my three majors."

It is hard for strangers and young people to realize, in this day of almost complete railroad facilities, in central and southwestern Missouri, the isolated and sparsely settled condition of that same region in 1863. This is the real reason why Shelby was not surrounded and captured. In the Missouri of today no such raids as Shelby's in 1863 would be possible in war time.

When the heroic life of our beloved commander, the greatest soldier the world has produced, Ulysses S. Grant, was ebbing away at Mount McGregor, in 1885, these prophetic words came from his pen: "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I can not stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last, seemed to me the beginning of the answer to 'Let us have peace.'"

This prophecy has long been fulfilled in Missouri. Prominent ex-Confederate soldiers have repeatedly and publicly stated that the Confederate Home enterprise would not have succeeded, but for the early and cordial encouragement and support given it by the Union soldiers in this state.

In 1894, during the labor troubles, Col. Philips was, as now, the United States Judge for the Western District of Missouri, and Gen. Jo. Shelby was, as now, the United States Marshal for the same district. The able and fearless Philips was the first Judge in the United States to issue an order restraining mob violence and interference with the movement of railway trains engaged in interstate commerce, and Gen.

Shelby took the field, executed the order, and raised the blockade in his territory, with that grim celerity and activity which always characterized his military movements, and he was the first United States Marshal to so act. For this purpose he deputized as marshals a picked corps selected from survivors of his old brigade, with an equal number of ex-Union veterans.

When the Governor of Missouri, during this disturbance, inquired of Shelby what he was doing at Slater, a division on the Chicago and Alton railroad in Saline county not far from Marshall, the gallant ex-rebel promptly and tersely replied, that he was there in the service of the United States, suppressing a mob and moving delayed railroad trains. The Governor subsided, and Shelby continued with unabated vigor until his work was accomplished. For this important and valuable public service, Judge Philips and Marshal Shelby received especial commendation from President Cleveland, and in thus expressing himself the President was supported by law-abiding people everywhere irrespective of party lines or past affiliations. Thus did the blue and the gray unite in the defense of a re-united country and rally around "the flag that makes you free," and thus it will ever be. For we, and those who are to follow us on the stage of active life, will never forget our priceless heritage of freedom, whose foundations were laid broad and deep in this fair land, and cemented by the blood and tears of our forefathers, and we, and those who are to come after us, should ever remember that our indestructible nation "must and shall be preserved," and also that as Americans "united, we need fear no foreign foe."

Beloved comrades, our ranks are thinning yearly, and even now we often hear that we "linger superfluous on the stage," but while we do live, let our firm resolve be, to keep up these annual reunions until the last man in our two regimental associations is "mustered out" on earth. For, in the days to come, our little bronze buttons will be more highly prized than even now, as they represent to the wearer an heroic epoch in American history in which it was given to him

to bear an active and honorable part, and of all the gallant hosts in blue who met, grappled with, and overthrew the twins of slavery and secession on this continent, a generation ago, there were no better or braver men, than the two regiments of Missouri soldiers, whose memories we here cherish.

And, as the years recede and our members decrease, our bond of union will become stronger until, when reunited at last, on the far side of the shining river, all present, and all accounted for, we meet to part no more, to pass in proud review before the 'Great White Throne.'

GEO. S. GROVER.

## THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON AS SEEN BY A WOMAN.

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It was war time in the land, and Missouri was feeling the stir of the situation throughout all her bounds. In the little town of Lexington on the river there was, in the early months of 1861, an eager impulse towards matters military, without however, any pronounced feeling of taking the side of either the North or South in the then undetermined policies of the two sections. Still, militancy in any direction was so pronounced that companies were formed, and our inexperienced eyes made acquainted with the stirring evolutions of the army drill. Later, and when further developments had set definite bounds to bent and affiliation, the men who formed these early half-play companies parted company, some to enlist under the stars and bars, others loyal to the stripes. The place of this first military practice was the wide and beautiful campus of the old Masonic College; and the drills were conducted by Capt. George Wilson, an ex-officer of the U. S. army, and Major Arnold, of the Virginia Military Institute.

Time ran on into May of that year when occurred the tragedy of Camp Jackson, in St. Louis, when some raw recruits under Gen. Lyon fired upon a crowd of citizens without known provocation, killing a young woman, a boy, and wounding some others. This act set the State in a flame of feeling, with the result that an immediate alignment was made for one side or the other about to enter upon the great modern tragedy of the war between the States. Small Confederate flags began to be displayed from private residences, and the old flag was set afloat to the winds from all public buildings of the town. A month of this and Gov. Claibourne F. Jackson named Lexington a place of military rendezvous, and soon after the middle of that month came Gen. Sterling Price at the head of the newly-formed State Guards, and with him Governor Jackson. Then began the organization of com-



panies and regiments, and the buckling on of such accouterments of war as a hitherto peaceful people could muster from the country's store of bird guns, turkey and deer rifles, and such side arms as belong to times of peace. "Old Sacramento," a twelve-pound brass cannon—a relic of the Mexican war, and which had been used here time out of mind as a reliable noisemaker for Fourth of July antics—was the heaviest piece of ordnance we had acquaintance with up to that time, and furnished the largest show of preparation going forward; and the old gun remained staunch to the end of the four years of conflict, being always in Col. Hi Bledsoe's battery, and his confidence-holding Sweetheart of utter faithfulness to the last. It has been told that he more than once, after an especially satisfactory deadliness of his gun, would throw his arms around the brass body and set his lips to it fondly. With the running out of the last week of June went also General Price and the Governor, with what of men and military supplies had been here gathered up. This left us with no other signs of what had been but the many small home-made Confederate flags still made to show from the homes of those who affiliated with the South. These remained only until Stifel, following close upon Gen. Price's going, came at the head of a regiment of foreigners, some of whom spoke English not at all, to take possession of the place as a fixed-for-the-war military post. When the transport bringing this regiment showed her smokestacks abreast of Gratz Bluff all Confederate bunting quickly faded from sight, save and alone one small flag which, from the time of Virginia's secession, had been proudly flouting the world from a pole set on the lawn of the Dr. E. G. Arnold home on the corner of Broadway and Third streets. Broadway was the then thoroughfare from the levees up into the town, and when Stifel's debarked troop had come abreast of the Confederate colors the line was moved up to surround the group of women who stood on the lawn in intent curiosity as to this next phase of military procedure. Ignorance of the meaning of war was at that time, and for us all, of the profoundest; and certainly the very young woman owning the

flag never doubted her right to show it upon her own premises at her pleasure, besides holding an idea of the largeness and liberal protectiveness of all masculinity called "man" in a way befitting Eden, alone.

But here she found herself amazingly confronted by a body of folk hostile and threatening, with guns and bayonets, who made threats to her as she stood upon her own ground, and demanded that she surrender to them her flag—the flag of her native State. Such an unflawed confidence in civilized man's attitude towards womanhood it is just as well to record, since it is now gone from us forever, though, at that time, held as an unquestioned truth by all women of the old South.

The young woman refused him the flag, of course, and when one man moved to take it from the low staff she ran to take it into her own hands. So she faced the regiment with the statement of her right, as a woman and citizen of a free country and state, to hold and defend her convictions and her property on her own freehold of earth. Amusing enough in the light of later events, but nevertheless the universal feeling of a large section of the country at that time; we of the old South being yet of the chivalric age of knighthood in so much that the rest of the world had left behind. But Stifel rode away with the offending little colors as well as with the young husband of the rash bride of a few months, who owned them. This even rasher young husband came rushing into the fray with his bird gun, with the intent to so lay low the enemy; the young wife then let fall the flag in order to grasp and lower the hand holding the gun, and so it was picked up, distinctly not captured, by a soldier, and carried away.

Stifel established headquarters at Masonic College, where he was soon joined by Lieut. Col. White with his regiment. By the last of August five companies of militia and two battalions of the First Illinois cavalry, under Col. Marshall, had been added to the army of occupation. After the coming of Col. Marshall he inaugurated the felling of the splendid grove of primeval oaks and elms on the College campus and the surrounding hills; and the making of the first earthworks was begun.

Early in September underground information was given us that Gen. Price, with a much enlarged army, would soon be back to Lexington on an errand militant, and for the purpose further of getting into possession supplies of ammunition and arms, of which the Confederates, or more correctly, the State Guards, of the southern wing, were in need. In preparation for this event Col. Mulligan came near the first of the month to reinforce the garrison with the Twenty-third Illinois infantry, called throughout the war the Mulligan Irish Brigade. Col. Mulligan began at once the construction of intricate military entrenchments, and to add to the earthworks formed by Col. Marshall. A cavalry charge would be possible only from the east side, the college, now a citadel, being set upon a height and protected by steep declivities on all other sides, so that here was digged a perfect checkerboard of pits, disguised sufficiently to entrap the unwary. A mine was also set in that direction for added security. While all this was being done there came in Major Van Horn and Col. Peabody with their commands, these soldiers being of the regular army. By this time information of the movements of the rapidly approaching army from the south was easy of access. Gen. Price's advance was already encamped upon the county fair grounds, about a mile from town, and the thin line of Federal pickets was no stay to the adventurous who might wish to go out. While Gen. Price waited at the fair grounds for the coming up of his ammunition wagons Col. Mulligan continued to strengthen his defences. During these days of waiting continual skirmishing went on between the soldiers in town and small squads of those outside. The Southerners, becoming impatient of delay, daily came dashing into town in small groups to give an exchange of shots and out again. In one of these daring and useless exploits I saw a friend go down, unhorsed, wounded by bayonets as he lay on the ground. This was Mr. Withrow. He was sent from here to St. Louis, and died of his wounds in Gratiot street prison.

And now came the 17th of the month, when proclamation was made to the citizens that their undoubted safety lay in

the direction of a temporary abandonment of their homes. So there went out from the town an army of women and children, to take refuge in country houses in numbers sufficient to tax the hospitality of these to the utmost.

By the middle of the forenoon of Wednesday, the 18th, the stars and bars floating within the city limits, and the strains of Dixie came ringing clear through the gold of the perfect day. I needed to go but a single square from my father's residence—the Arnold home of the earlier flag episode—to look up the extent of Main street, and this I did so soon as I caught the sound of Dixie. What I saw there was an army without any pretense of uniform of any kind, but moving in orderly precision into some determined-upon position. This was Gen. Parson's line, drawn along Main street. Gen Rains' division took position on the east of the college, with Bledsoe's battery. Gen Slack's column was extended along the west side, joining that of Gen. Parson on the south. I think that Guibor's battery was moved about from place to place from time to time, as it was stationed near the intersection of Third and Tenth streets this first day, but went to Gen. Parson's division the next day, then back again west afterwards. On the morning of the second day of the investment Gen. Harris and Gen. McBride completed the cordon by placing their lines along the north, on the river front. This line was supported throughout by Kelley's and Kneisley's batteries. Until the last of the three days of the siege Bledsoe's battery was under the command of Emmet McDonald, Col. Bledsoe being hors de combat from illness, but on the last day he was again with his guns. Gen. Steen's division, with Congreve Jackson's force of Clark's division, while held as reserves were all the time in active service in one quarter or another of the field.

As I stood looking upon the line on Main street take position, the first day of the entry, a friend, Charley Wallace, said on seeing me there, "What are you doing in town? You would better go to shelter at once, as we are about to fight, right away."

At this time Guibor's battery was stationed at the inter-

section of Third and Tenth streets, only three squares from the Arnold residence, and the admonition to go find shelter sent me to the crossing two squares above the battery's place; from which very advantageous position I witnessed what went on at that part of the field while the siege lasted.

Almost on the heels of Lieut. Wallace's "We are to fight now, right away," was opened the first thunder of the guns. The noise of the firing was heavier this first day than at any time until the hour just before the surrender, and was heard at Carrollton, thirty miles away; also heard with such effect by Gen. Sturgis as he was marching to Mulligan's relief on the north of the river, that he turned his column and marched away again. Very shortly after shot and shell began the hoarse noise of war in earnest, there came the need for surgeons and nurses, and while this battle has been called an almost bloodless one this is true only in the light of what came later, when the loss of life made a new world record of what man could do to man in deadly strife. In the light of civilization the battle of Lexington, Missouri, was sufficiently red. Many of those killed lie here sleeping the last long sleep, others were removed by kindred when the war was over.

The family residence of Col. Oliver Anderson stood in such proximity to the college grounds on the west that it was, from the time of the first occupancy of the college, taken into use as a hospital. The last outer entrenchments in that direction met Mrs. Anderson's flower garden, the house being so situated that the upper windows almost overlooked the interior of the works. Thus, its advantage meant so much to the Confederates that a running assault was determined upon, with the hope to make its capture without the firing of a gun. This use of arms could not be resorted to since the house was used as a hospital, so a sufficiently heavy column from the division of Gen. Harris was ordered to the assault, if this could be done without too heavy a loss of life, the assaulting column not to be allowed to respond to the fire from the building. The men took the chances, making the charge most gallantly, but with losses, of course. The building was held but a few

hours only, and until a counter charge was prepared from the citadel. This assault was heralded by the sharp cracking of Minie rifles, some of which sent the dreaded Minie balls to the desired end, so that there were wounded Southerners in the building when retaken later by the Irish. When this charge of the Irish Brigade was made I was standing at my post of observation, the middle of Third street, a position overlooking the Anderson house, the long line of earthworks behind it, and the besieging column on the west. I think it was between one and two o'clock when I took up, on this day, my post of observation. I had been there but a very short time when a double line of human forms appeared on top of the embankment rushed over, followed by the serried ranks of others, all firing upon the house as they hurtled down upon it. And how they fell! some of them, on the way, and lay there amongst the flowers of the garden until all was over and the bodies could be moved. And how they yelled as they charged! It was a daring and brilliant sortie. We were told afterwards that these men were made very drunk before they could be sent out. Let this be believed, because of their after acts. The recapture of the building was so quickly accomplished that the dislodged Confederates were forced to leave behind some disabled comrades. These was nothing for it but to think that the gentle treatment accorded the sick they found in house would be returned to their own. Vain trust! But one escaped the crimson fury of that hour—Capt. Tip Manser. He, when the massacre began drew the edge of the blanket covering one of the Federals over himself, and so passed for one of the enemy. All others suffered death in one way or another. About two hours more and the place was again in possession of the Confederates. When the again victorious besiegers poured into the house it was to find those they had so lately left there dead, murdered really. One man had both eyes ground quite out his head, and the handsome, the gallant young Fayette Quarles, of Richmond, showed both hands with gaping holes through the palms, having been ground through by bayonets. Whether these injuries were inflicted before they were killed

or not can never be known, but the then supposition was that this was the case. The night of this sad day was a lurid one. Hot shell sent from the entrenchments had started fires in three or more quarters, and as night fell these flamed and spread, luridly reddening the sky, and turning a new dread loose upon the town.

The cannonading on Thursday, the 19th, was comparatively light; but a ceaseless sharp cracking of rifles went on throughout the day. The possessors of those squirrel rifles, hidden behind every available tree, stump, or elevated ground, did deadly work whenever a human target inside appeared within range. Some of this was done from the vantage of tree limbs, which many men climbed, and sat at ease to watch their opportunity. This practice must have been more gall-ing to the besieged than had been the cannonading, for when all was over, and an account gained of the happenings inside, we heard that, on this day, many hasty and shallow burials were made after nightfall. Certainly, in going about the place long afterwards, when deserted by both armies, I came upon a human foot pathetically protruding from a grave so shallow that it appeared to be only earth heaped shallowly upon a body placed on ground untouched by a spade.

At twilight of this day some men of Gen. Harris' division inaugurated the beginning of the end by bringing from the warehouses of McGrew, Anderson and Sedwick the hempbales with which movable breastworks were to be made on the to-morrow. All along Gen. Price had refused to order an assault on the defences, though advised to this by his staff. "It is unnecessary to kill off the boys here," he said. "Patience will give us what we want." So he quietly awaited the event.

The men of the hempbale strategy slept that night behind their moveable defences, and early next morning operations which brought about the surrender began. While Bledsoe's battery, he himself being in charge now, thundered away east in a way to rip open the walls of the old collegians' boarding house, and tear great holes in the walls of the one-time hall's



of learning, the men on the west went quietly on up the bluff behind the rolled hemp bales. It was not long, however, until a heavy fire was drawn upon these movable breastworks, but with little effect. On they came, crawling, as implacable as fate, and when the day was run on towards the morning's close the end came. The Confederates were inside the defenses; the white flag of surrender was run up over the citadel, and a shout to reach the heavens was shouting from a thousand throats.

Upon the surrender all the ranking officers conducting the defense were found to be suffering from wounds. Lieut. Col. White, handsome, debonair gentleman, had been shot through the lungs, and died a few years afterwards. Col. Mulligan received only a slight wound in one arm, and was not much disabled from the effects. Still, upon paroling him, Gen. Price put his private carriage at his disposal to drive to Warrensburg, where railroad transportation was to be had. But Mulligan refused a parole, as he had no wish to remain long inactive, and chose to be accounted prisoner awaiting exchange. It was much the same thing, however, as Gen. Price with his wife took him to Warrensburg in his carriage, and I think, turned him loose there on his word of honor. There was a general parole on the terms of no future service against the South, not a man being held as prisoner. In some instances, where the men captured were citizens of the town they were laughingly handed over to their wives to be kept out of future mischief.

Only a very few years ago when an extension of Central college was going forward, (the old Masonic college is now Central college, a school for girls) two skeletons were exhumed. These were of bodies shallowly interred, and undoubtedly belonged to men killed in that long-gone day of the sharpshooters' deadly aim. It is probable that others still are left there, under the tread of school girl feet; but, like Omar's voice for Bahram, "That can not break their sleep."

SUSAN A. ARNOLD McCausland.

## DANIEL BOONE.

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It has been said that a greater number of biographies of Daniel Boone have been given to the public, than of George Washington. It is by no means improbable that a greater number of biographies have been penned concerning him than of any other single American, with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln, not counting the innumerable sketches, miscellaneous and fugitive articles which have been written from time to time, about this singular character. Certainly, this is a remarkable tribute to any individual, and forcefully illustrates how firm is the grasp which the story of his life has obtained upon the popular mind. The writer hereof, possesses and has read, not less than ten biographies of Daniel Boone, of varying degrees of merit, and the majority of them have told much the same story, and oftentimes in much the same way. Yet singularly enough, but one of his numerous biographers, has correctly stated the date of his birth, (1) while among some of them as much discrepancy prevails relative to other historic facts, as that which prevails regarding the date of his entrance into the world. They have been content to "fringe an inch of fact with acres of conjecture." The writer, therefore, who would give to his readers as accurately and impartially as it can now be done, the story of his life, would confer upon his countrymen a lasting benefit, and give to the world a book in which he might say of his hero, in the language of the immortal Shakespeare:

"Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
You still shall live,—such virtue has my pen,—  
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men."

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1. John S. C. Abbott.

The name of Daniel Boone has so long been familiar to my ear and eye, that I, like many others have come to regard everything pertaining to his life as of importance, provided it be founded upon fact. A new chapter, therefore, concerning him, may not be lacking in interest to those who are, or are not familiar with the story of his life; and I trust I may be pardoned for adding yet another chapter to the many which others have given to the public touching his life. Some of my ancestors both upon the paternal and maternal side, were long and intimately associated with this famous pioneer, and shared with him the perils and the glory of subduing the wilderness, and of converting the hunting grounds of the Indians to the more useful purposes of civilization. Because of this association the life of Boone has ever possessed more than passing interest to me, and I have ever loved to trace the winding footsteps of these sturdy old pioneers through their fortunes and misfortunes; their victories and defeats. My great grandfather, William Bryant, followed closely upon the path of Boone from North Carolina to Kentucky, where he caused to be erected amid the primeval solitudes, the most celebrated of all the pioneer Kentucky forts or blockhouses, known in history as Bryant's Station and which was located in Lafayette county, about five miles northeast of Lexington. His name and the name of the station which he built (in 1779), have frequently been mentioned in the histories and the various lives of Boone. (2)

It is, however, of another event with which Daniel Boone was connected, and also an ancestor of the writer hereof on the maternal side that I would now speak, and of which I have

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2. History of Kentucky, Humphrey Marshall.  
 History of Kentucky, Mann Butler.  
 History of Kentucky, Lewis Collins.  
 Sketches of Western Adventure, John A. McClung.  
 Chronicles of Border Warfare, A. S. Withers (new ed. Thwaites).  
 Life of Boone, Timothy Flint.  
 Life of Boone, G. Canning Hill.  
 Life of Boone, John S. C. Abbott.  
 Border Boy, Wm. H. Bogart.  
 Life of Boone, C. B. Hartley.

seen no account in history, but the facts herein detailed are preserved in a manuscript history and genealogy of the Inman family of Tennessee. (3)

About the year 1767, a party of explorers left their homes in North Carolina to visit the vast and almost wholly unknown region lying west of the Cumberland mountains. This party was led by Daniel Boone, who, even at that early period had established a well deserved reputation for daring, and a consummate knowledge of woodcraft. In this company were three brothers who bore the scriptural names of Shadrach Inman, Meshack Inman and Abednego Inman, the first of whom was a great grandfather of the writer hereof. In due season they crossed the mountain ranges lying in their path of travel, and winter soon swept down upon them. For days they pushed forward through deep snows. They had little or no food during this time, for that which they had brought with them had been exhausted. They were therefore compelled to depend upon such game for their subsistence as they could bring down with their rifles, and killing game at that season of the year was not always easily accomplished. When they had arrived near the central part of the present state of Tennessee, and were encamped near a cave, probably the famous Nick-a-Jack cave, they were surprised and attacked one night by Indians. Being asleep at the time of the attack, and not having taken the precaution to post sentinels, nearly all the little band of adventurers were either killed or wounded. Among the slain was Meshack Inman. Among the wounded were Shadrach Inman and his brother, Abednego Inman. The former received a wound in the side from a spear, which weapon is still in existence and in the possession of one of his descendants. Abednego Inman received a wound in the forehead from an Indian tomahawk, leaving a scar which he carried for the remainder of his life, but surviving his wound, he placed himself in hiding in a large hollow tree, where he remained for nine days without food and with but little water, at the end of which period he was so far recovered as to be able to leave his strange

habitation, and eventually and with extreme difficulty, to make his way back to his home in North Carolina. The company was thus broken up and dispersed, and the expedition abandoned. Among the number of those who escaped were Boone and Shadrach Inman. Boone on account of his superior skill in woodcraft and knowledge of Indian wiles, escaped unharmed and returned home. The Indians pursued him keenly through the dense forest, but like a fleeting shadow he eluded them, and led the few survivors of his little company safely back to their homes.

Notwithstanding these misfortunes, our brave adventurers were not to be diverted from their purpose of exploring and taking possession of a portion of the soil of Tennessee, for some of them returned to the locality at a later date, and established homes there, while Boone with other kindred spirits, among whom was William Bryant, established themselves in the wilds of Kentucky, at Booneborough and Bryant's Station.

Shadrach Inman, above named, settled in Jefferson County, Tennessee, and was a Revolutionary officer, his commission as Lieutenant being dated May 4, 1774, and his commission as Captain being dated January 5, 1777. These commissions are in the possession of one of his descendants, Mrs. Mamie Inman Watkins, of Macomb City, Miss. Shadrach Inman is said to have been a highly energetic and patriotic citizen, and one of the best known and most highly respected men of Jefferson county, where he lived and died. He married in North Carolina, Mary Jane McPheeters, whose mother, Mary Jane McDowell, was a sister of John McDowell, some time Governor of North Carolina. (4) He owned a valuable plantation on the Nolachucky river, together with many negro

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4. In the pioneer History of Kentucky we also find the names of McDowell and McPheeters associated together; for we read in the life of Boone that on the 27th of March, 1775, he found the bodies of Thomas McDowell and Jeremiah McPheeters, who had been killed and scalped by the Indians. See—  
Life of Boone, (Border Boy), W. H. Bogart, p. 12h.  
Life of Boone, C. B. Hartley, p. 95.  
Life of Boone, J. S. C. Abbott, p. 126.  
Life of Boone, G. Canning Hill, p. 95.

slaves, a number of which he bequeathed to his wife and children by his last will. One of his sons, Captain Shadrach Inman, Jr., was also a Revolutionary officer, and was killed in the battle of Musgrove's Mill, South Carolina, August 19, 1780, while gallantly leading a charge against the British, and against a greatly superior force. He died fighting hand to hand with the enemy, and his conduct in this action has been highly commended by several historians, (5) and his loss was deeply regretted.

One of the daughters of Captain Shadrach Inman, senior, Susannah Inman, married in Tennessee, in 1802, Thomas Chilton. They removed to Southeastern Missouri, during the territorial era of that State, and from them are descended many of the Chiltons of that section of the country. Numerous members of this family of Chiltons have represented various counties of Southeastern Missouri in the State Legislature, covering a long period of time, and there have been not a few notable names in other branches of the family in the history of the Southern states of our country.

It is not too much to say that the name of Daniel Boone is a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. His career appeals to the readers of history with a fascination that is little less than marvelous. His fame, instead of growing dimmer year by year, has continued to increase and to shine with brighter effulgence with the flight of time. In truth, some writers, in their efforts to garnish the life of this famous frontiersman, have deemed nothing of importance or worth the while, except as it would subserve the purpose of enlarging the measure of his fame. But the writer who fails to observe proper respect for historical accuracy, is likely to find that he has magnified his hero to such proportions that but little semblance to the real man remains; that he has become, in the lurid imaginings of the writer, instead of a real personage, clothed with human attributes, merely a fan-

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5. Wheeler's History of North Carolina.  
Ramsay's Annals of Tennessee.  
King's Mountain and its Heroes, Dr. L. C. Draper.

tastic and grotesque figure. The simple story of his life truthfully told, is all-sufficient, without aid from the pen of the romancer who would portray him, not as he was, but as imagination would depict him. Mere mention of the name of Daniel Boone serves to recall the names of many of his contemporaries who would long ago have slipped into undeserved forgetfulness, were it not for the name and fame of this world renowned pioneer. His likeness is now a sort of composite photograph in which are blended the features of nearly all who were associated with him in the great westward movement of his age, and in the portrait of Boone we catch the dim and confused likeness of many another heroic character whose personality was as conspicuous as that of Boone himself. In truth the universality of his fame has served to lift from obscurity into notoriety many, who, otherwise would now be reposing in some neglected spot of earth with the grim specter whom we call Oblivion, keeping watch above their place of rest. Not that all of them, by any means, would have been overtaken by such fate. For there were numerous persons among his contemporaries and associates, whose services were as conspicuous (and more so) than those of Boone, who might well be left to stand upon their own individual merit. Yet herein, is one singular feature in connection with the fame of this unique character, it is remarkable that the fame of Boone should so far transcend that of hosts of others who had equal if not superior claims to recognition than Boone himself.

Surpassed as he was by many, in actual achievement and intellectual attainment, yet there are few names in the long list of America's eminent men that outshine in luster the name of Daniel Boone. As a commander, he was not to be compared with General Washington or General George Rogers Clarke, of Colonel Benjamin Logan, or others of even lesser note than these. As an empire-builder, he did not take rank with James Robertson or John Sevier, or Colonel Richard Henderson. As an explorer and pathfinder, there were other brave spirits who heralded the advance of Boone into the western wilderness. As a statesman, he performed no ser-

vice that would entitle him to remembrance. The gift of moving men by the power of speech was denied him, and he neither invited nor repelled the conversation of others. As a scholar he won no honors and obtained no prizes, except in the wide school of Nature.

Yet, notwithstanding all these things, the fame of this kind-hearted and pathetic but heroic character has transcended that of nearly every other man of his own or of any other age of the history of the country.

How did it happen? This question can not be fully and successfully answered in many words or in few. Yet it can not be said that the verdict of the popular mind is not just, or that his fame is of greater proportions than it should be. There were so many incidents in his career to appeal to the masses, and to touch the heart-strings of humanity, that he is now, and will long continue to be a wonderful personality. He stands upon a pedestal, high above the common throng. He has gained for himself in the hearts of his countrymen a niche, little less enduring than the Wilderness Road or Cumberland Gap; as lasting as the history of Kentucky and Missouri; as immeasurable as the volume of the Ohio or the Mississippi.

The life of Boone may well be studied to the pleasure and profit of American youth, and by all others who delight to con the lessons of sublime courage and fortitude, to be drawn from the lives of Boone and his associates. When we contemplate the reverses of fortune which overtook him, and which seemed to pursue him to the end; the loss of his eldest son while yet a youth, at the hands of Indians, when first setting out from North Carolina, to plant a colony in Kentucky; the loss of a brother, killed by Indians, while hunting in company with himself; the siege of the fort which he built, and which he successfully defended against the assaults of bloodthirsty savages; the capture of one of his daughters and her companions by Indians, and their rescue by Boone and a number of his friends; his own capture by the Indians, and adoption with their usual pomp and ceremony as a member of one of their tribes; his participation in the defense of Bryant's Station, when besieged



by Indians in August, 1782; the loss of another son fighting by his side in the battle of the Blue Licks, which battle was but the bloody sequel to the siege of Bryant's Station; the loss of a brother-in-law, also slain by Indians while hunting in company with William Bryant and others; and finally, as a culmination of his sorrows, the loss of his lands in Kentucky and Missouri, which he had hazarded and given so much to secure, on account of informalities; and thus turned forth, as it were, at an age when most men long to be free from the turmoils of life and the hardships of the pioneer—these misfortunes would have embittered the soul of most men. But a careful pursual of the history of his life and a somewhat careful inquiry in the realm of tradition, fails to reveal that such was the case. Bravely and uncomplainingly he went his way, and to the end he was the same silent and unperturbed spirit; and he died, as he had lived, in the vanguard of civilization, and where mighty forests, abounding with game, were always within easy reach. To the end he was smiling and serene, and resigned to the will of Providence, for his faith was simple and child-like. His last days were spent in fashioning with loving hands various articles as mementos for relatives and friends, and an occasional hunting trip until age and failing eyesight forced him to remember that he was no longer young, and that he must bid adieu to the pursuits of his earlier days. Dreaming little, and caring less, how wide was to be the measure of his fame, he sinks at last into the arms of Mother Earth, like one "who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Two States now claim the honor of affording a final resting place for all that was mortal of Daniel Boone, and all his countrymen share alike the legacy of his fame.

THOMAS JULIAN BRYANT.

## SCENIC AND HISTORIC PLACES IN MISSOURI.

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The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society was incorporated by the legislature of New York, the objects of the society being "to acquire by purchase, gift, grant, devise, or bequest, historic objects or memorable or picturesque places in the state or elsewhere in the United States, hold real estate and personal property in fee or upon such lawful trusts as may be agreed upon between the donors thereof and said corporation, and to improve the same," and it was provided that its property should be exempt from taxation in the state of New York,

The society made its sixteenth report to the legislature of New York last year, and this report includes views taken not only in the United States, but also in various parts of the world. However, only a local organization can give the necessary attention to the localities and objects to be found in the state, and Missouri has within its bounds places worthy of the attention of its legislature or of a society similar to that mentioned in New York.

Many will no doubt be surprised to know that Bayard Taylor said, "I have traveled all over the world, to find here in the heart of Missouri the most magnificent scenery human eye has ever beheld." In this statement he referred to a place in Camden county that was then known as Gunter Spring, was afterwards purchased by Robert M. Snyder, of Kansas City, the name changed to Ha Ha Tonka, and improvements were being made by Mr. Snyder at the time of his death. Of it Dr. Jenney, of the United States Geological Survey said that while he had spent the most of his life in the mountains of the west he had never found another locality that would furnish as many fine photographic views as this one does, and he spent quite a time there taking views for the government.

The combination of river, valley, bluffs, lake and mountain, with a spring issuing from the base of the cliff, and discharging one and a half million gallons of water a day; the lake containing ninety acres, being the largest one in the state; a cave to which access can be gained by a boat, landing one on dry ground at a distance from the entrance, where there is an onyx column thirty feet high and twenty-four feet in circumference; an amphitheater of perhaps an acre in extent surrounded by an elevated ridge having on one side a natural viaduct large enough that vehicles might drive through it, and strong enough that a railroad train might cross over it; at another place a natural bridge standing out very prominently over the surrounding ground; an island in the lake with its stories of bandits in years gone by living in its cave; other caves; the balanced rock; the Devil's Kitchen; all these and other things led Bayard Taylor to make the declaration he did, and of the truth of which very few in the state have now any conception.

An effort has been made to have the state purchase this tract of 5,400 acres and make "Ha Ha Tonka Park" a place for the practical application of the doctrine of conservation, one that would before long have a railroad made to give access to it, and at the same time develop the surrounding territory that is now waiting for this to aid in its improvement.

Other localities can be found along our rivers or in the Ozark mountains that would ornament parks to be made around them, and prevent their destruction or being spoiled for private gain.

The D. A. R.'s have been active in directing attention to and creating interest in the Boon's Lick and Santa Fe trails, and have succeeded in having the first cross state highway made along these trails, and also in getting from the legislature an appropriation to erect monuments along them.

During the civil war Missouri was the scene of many engagements and of some noted battles. Time has now so softened the angry feelings engendered by the war, that what were two sides would now welcome monuments in commemora-

tion of the valor of those who were then opposing each other.

The first one to be mentioned is the battle of Boonville, not because it was a great battle, but because it was the first land battle of the civil war. After the proclamation of Governor Jackson calling out fifty thousand state militia to drive the Federal forces out of Missouri Gen. Lyon with various military organizations embarked for Jefferson City. Jackson having fled from the capital Lyon continued up the river having been informed that Governor Jackson would make a stand at Boonville, with some 3000 state militia. His troops were landed on the south side a mile above Rocheport and about seven miles below Boonville. Between that point and Boonville the two forces became engaged, and after a number on each side had been killed and wounded the Confederates retreated, and the Federal forces occupied Boonville without further opposition. Afterwards an engagement in which only a score were killed did not attract much attention, but at the time this one took place it created much excitement because others had not preceded it.

One of the most severely contested engagements of the war, and the most important west of the Mississippi river up to the time at which it took place, August 10, 1861, was the battle of Wilson Creek, or as it was named by the Confederates, the battle of Oak Hill. After Governor Jackson and his forces had been driven from Central Missouri, the Missouri Confederates concentrated in the southwestern part of the state, where they were joined by Arkansas, Texas and other Confederate forces, and these all formed quite an army whose importance was generally not appreciated by those in authority. On the day of the battle the Union forces numbered some five thousand, while the Confederate force was at least twelve thousand.

The battle was hard fought and resulted in the retreat of the Union army after the death of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon, the Union loss being two hundred and eighty-three killed and mortally wounded and others wounded 704. The Southern loss was 265 killed and 900 wounded. The spot where Lyon

fell and other points of interest on the battlefield should have monuments to mark them.

A Federal force under Col. Mulligan, stated by him to number 2700, was surrounded by several times that number of Confederates, and penned in a small space in and around the Masonic College at Lexington, in which provision had not been made for a supply of water. In twelve days of fighting, and with a regiment of 700 cavalymen with their horses, of no use in the defense, but helping to exhaust the supply of water, the last three days of which were of heavy fighting, and with many killed and wounded, the gallant Colonel was forced to surrender on September 20, 1861. The State Historical Society has an oil painting of this battle made by F. Dominico, a Hungarian exile, he having watched the progress of the battle for the purpose of making the painting. What was the Masonic College is now Central Female College at Lexington.

The battle of Westport, the "Gettysburg of the West," was fought October 21, 22 and 23, 1864, the first day being also called the "Battle of the Blue," the final fight being before the town of Westport. There were 29,000 men engaged in this battle, the largest in any battle fought west of the Mississippi river. The Confederacy was then on the wane, and this battle was the end of organized efforts in the state of Missouri by the Confederates.

Many other engagements were fought in Missouri, quite a number of them of the dignity of battles, and even the localities of actions of lesser moment should be marked.

The place of birth or other places connected with such natives of Missouri as Mark Twain and Eugene Field ought to be suitably marked.

In St. Louis many historic spots in the city have been marked with inscribed tablets on buildings now standing on the spots where some noted occurrences took place in time passed, and the further marking can be left to the public spirit of that city and its historical society.

Our adjoining states have not been idle in this commemo-

rating and preserving work of historic places Illinois has made into a park at a cost of \$246,000 a tract of 290 acres, including Starved Rock, on the Illinois river, the scene of Indian conflicts and early French exploits.

Kansas Club women have organized to help the State Historical Society of their state in its efforts to preserve historical relics, and also of "first things" in all of the counties. They have marked the spot of many battles, the Santa Fe Trail, the John Brown cabin, the first state capitol near Junction City, the historic Pawnee Rock, and the first house built in the different cities.

There is much similar work that should be done in Missouri, and the women can more quickly accomplish it than any others. Will they help the State Historical Society in this important matter?

F. A. SAMPSON.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS IN MISSOURI  
CEMETERIES.\*

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SIXTH PAPER.

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The following data is from the Catholic cemetery at Boonville, Cooper county:

Mary R. wife of Michael Barron, born in Saint Lenard Co., Wexford, Ireland, died Mar. 17, 1870, aged 50 years.

Michael R. Barron, born in County Killkenney, Ireland, Oct. 14, 1800; came to America in 1848, and to Boonville in 1850; died Oct. 15, 1891.

Cathrina, wife of C. Biechele, born Oct. 2, 1837; died Sept. 22, 1872.

Eliza Mooney, wife of H. Bue died Apt. 5, 1872, aged 37 yrs, 7 mo. 17 dys.

Ann wife of Patrick Dalton, died Oct. 9, 1868, aged 28 yrs.

Maria Anna Darmstadt geb. Feb. 16, 1826; gest. Feb. 3, 1900.

Ignaze Diringier, born in Elsas, France, Aug. 10, 1804; died Apr. 8, 1872.

Magdalena Diringier, born in Elsas, France, Sept. 26, 1804; died July 25, 1875.

P. H. Donahue born June 22, 1829; died Mar. 16, 1904.

Maggie M. Donahue born Mar. 3, 1839; died Dec. 12, 1901.

Veit Eppstein born Feb. 15, 1828; died Mar. 7, 1902.

Anna K. Felten, wife of Hubert Felten died Feb. 9, 1904, aged 70 yrs, 9 mos. 26 ds.

Hubert, husband of Anna K. Felten, died July 12, 1889, aged 62 yrs, 11 mos. 24 ds.

Genovefa Fessler born in Forst Baden Gee 1811, died Mar. 16 1885.

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\* With some additions this paper includes all inscriptions previous to 1876, and all later of persons more than 75 years old.

Franz Fessler born in Forst, Germany, 1804, died Oct. 23, 1881.  
Anna S. Franken wife of Urban Franken, born Apr. 10, 1810;  
died Sept. 30, 1879.

Mary T. wife of P. J. Franken, born Sept. 23, 1842; died June  
11, 1871.

P. J. Franken born in Prussia, June 14, 1834; died Mar. 14,  
1887.

John George Garthoffner born in Blankenborn, Rhein Bavaria,  
Nov. 13, 1825; died May 13, 1873.

Andrew Gartner born Nov. 30, 1835; died Oct. 1890.

Katharine Gehsell, geb. Nov. 22, 1813; gest. July 7, 1858.

Ludwig Gehsell, geb. Aug. 24, 1809; gest. July 24, 1867.

Maydalena Glahn born in Prussia, Germany, 1798; died 1859.

F. Timothy Grathwohl gest. Oct. 7, 1871, 49 jahr.

Catharine wife of John Harrison died Dec. 19, 1873, aged 29  
yrs 11 mo. 14 ds.

Adolph Hilden born in Longerich Aug. 15, 1811; died Sept. 16,  
1890.

Henry Helfrich died Feb. 16, 1874, aged 34 yrs. 6 mos. 18 da.

George J. Hirsch born Apr. 6, 1834; died Apr. 17, 1903.

John Huber died July 25, 1885, aged 77 yrs, 7 mos. 11 ds.

Elizabeth Huber died Oct. 26, 1886, aged 79 yrs, 6 mos. 22 ds.

Catharine wife of F. J. Immele born Dec. 25, 1832; died Mar.  
13, 1899.

F. J. Immele aged 84 yrs.

A. M. Immele aged 86 yrs.

J. J. Jennins born in Livingston Co., N. Y., Mar. 12, 1830, died  
in Cooper Co., Mo. Aug. 20, 1877.

Elizabeth wife of Joseph Koenig born in Bonn, Germany, 1822;  
married 1851; died Apr. 12, 1890.

Joseph Koenig born near Cologne, Prussia, Dec. 23, 1824; died  
Mar. 5, 1896.

P. Kuntz died Mar. 9, 1867, aged 22 yrs. 6 mos.

Francis Kussman, born Aug. 15, 1837; died June 2, 1901.

Elizabeth Mabschand died Apr. 26, 1875, aged 81 yrs, 6 ms.

A. P. Mangold born Oct. 1, 1813; died Sept. 11, 1882.

Lora his wife born Nov. 28, 1818, died Feb. 9, 1883.



- Hieronimus Meisel born in Karlsruhe, Baden, Germany, Feb. 23, 1830; died Sept. 20, 1882.  
Elizabeth wife of H. Meisel born Jan. 2, 1830; died Dec. 24, 1892.  
Monika wife of Joseph Mustetter born June 2, 1788; died Aug. 29, 1874 .  
John Mustetter died Oct. 23, 1857, aged 2 mos.  
Karl Mustetter died Jan. 11, 1860, aged 5 months.  
Sylvester Mustetter died Jan. 26, 1865, aged 2 mos. 29 ds.  
Victoria Mustetter died Meh 8, 186— aged 1 yr. 10 mos 9 da.  
Joseph Miller born Nov. 11, 1818; died Mar. 6, 1891.  
Francis son of Patrick and Mary Mollahan died Aug. 30. 1872 aged about 35 yrs. Native of Ireland.  
Christina wife of H. Oswald born Oct 12, 1841; died Mar. 10, 1893.  
Herman Oswald born in Bavaria, Ger. Apr. 17, 1826; died Dec. 13, 1903.  
Mary Jane wife of C. S. Prongue died July 30, 1869, aged 26 yrs 1 mo. 11 ds.  
Michael son of G. & B. Schepperd died Nov. 15, 1871 aged 29 yrs 6 mos.  
Thomas Sharp born in County Carlow, Ire. Dec. 25, 1824; died Apr. 8, 1898.  
George Shepperd died Aug. 27, 1875, aged 72 yrs.  
Catharine wife of John Smith born in Prussia, Jan. 19, 1806; died Nov. 25, 1886.  
Frank Joseph Spaedy born Oct. 1809; died July, 1886.  
Catharine Spaedy born May, 1810; died Dec. 1891.  
Maria E. Weber geb. May Oct. 11, 1811 gest. Jan. 1880.  
Johannah Westleman died Sept. 7, 1875, aged 67 yrs, 2 mo. 12 ds.

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CASSVILLE, MISSOURI.

The following are from the cemetery at Cassville, Barry county:

Mary J. Barcas born Feb. 22, 1821; died Aug. 16, 1903.

- Warner Barcus born Aug. 23, 1814; died Oct. 18, 1898.  
Lucy A. Beebe born Aug. 8, 1808; died Sept. 6, 1872.  
Gilbert L. Carlin died June 8, 1869 aged 27 yrs. 1 mo 1 d.  
Loys Grubb died Apr. 14, 1878 aged 64 yrs 3 mos 19 ds.  
Elizabeth B. wife of P. M. Hodges and daughter of E. D. and N. Solomon, born Dec. 26, 1826; died Jan. 18, 1854.  
James Holt born Dec. 14, 1822; died Nov 11, 1892.  
John Ireland born Apr. 28, 1817; died May 13, 1862.  
Catharine Logan born Jan 15, 1818; died Mch. 1, 1870.  
John Logan born July 30, 1810; died Jan. 31, 1839.  
James Long died Sept. 4, 1833, aged 55 years.  
Littleberry Mason died July 3, 1852 aged 63 years.  
Nancy Mason wife of Littleberry Mason born Jan. 28, 1804; died Sept. 13, 1883.  
Wm. Owen died May 6, 1859, aged 62 yrs 4 mos 17 ds.  
Margaret Ann C. D. wife of Jonathan Reed born May 4, 1830; died Aug. 1, 1886.  
Jonathan Reed born Mch. 17, 1820; died Mch. 12, 1905.  
Mary Ann Reed born May 4, 1830; died Aug. 1, 1886.  
Louesa Mason Ruth daughter of Littleberry Mason and wife of W. J. Ruth born Feb. 1, 1829; died Apr. 6, 1857.  
Wm. Townsend born Mch. 3, 1794; died July 13, 1875.  
W. G. Townsend born Aug. 24, 1815; died Oct. 15, 1890.

## A UNIQUE CIVIL WAR ITEM.

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The State Historical Society of Missouri has just received a donation that is very greatly prized, and one that is likely unique in the history of the Civil War—an oil painting made by an artist while the battle was in progress, and he sitting looking on and industriously making the painting from the scene that was being enacted in plain sight before him.

The painting was given the Society by one of its members, Mrs. Susan Austin Arnold McCausland, wife of Judge McCausland, of Lexington, and is the picture of the battle of Lexington which was fought September 18-20, 1861; Col. Mulligan in command of 2600 men, and Gen. Price with 18,000 men. In planning the defense the water supply was overlooked, and that as well as the overwhelming force brought against Mulligan compelled him to surrender. The Federal forces were in and around the Masonic College, now Central College of the Southern Methodist church, a college for young ladies. The picture was painted by a Hungarian exile named Domenico, and shows the college building and dormitory, the batteries of Bledsoe, Guibor, Kelley and Kneisley and the other forces of both sides.

It was given to Miss Gabriella Hawkins, and left by her by will to the above donor, who humorously describes herself as the "most nonreconstructable, unsunderable Confederate she could find." Mrs. McCausland also was in plain view of the battle while it was in progress, and has written a paper for the Society on "The Battle of Lexington as seen by a Woman," which is published in this number of the Review.

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## MISSOURI GRASSES.

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Prof. G. C. Broadhead is a frequent welcome visitor at the rooms of the Society and is full of information about the his-

tory, the geology, and the natural productions of Missouri. On the latter he gives some interesting information about some of the grasses of Missouri:

My early recollections in Missouri, about 1840 or soon after, was that blue grass was then only found where it had been sowed, chiefly in yards.

In 1852 on riding through Fire Prairie, in Western Missouri, I found that the bottom prairie grass, *spartina cynosuroides*, would reach above my shoulders. The upland prairie grass, *andropogon fucatus*, was plentiful everywhere on the hills and in two weeks holes would be worn in my shoes from walking through it. Before 1850 blue grass was not found in Missouri pastures. In 1870 the blue grass was in most of the pastures of Missouri, was also along the road sides and beginning to grow in hazel thickets. In 1880 it was common in North Missouri, and in many counties south of the Missouri river. In 1870 it was not abundant in Saline county, but in 1881 was common there. As the wild grasses were trampled down the blue grass took their place, leaving the prairie grass chiefly in railroad limits. Before Kansas was much settled, the Buffalo grass was common near the Missouri line and west. In grazing, the tall prairie grasses drove the Buffalo grass west, and the blue grass drove other tall grasses in the same way. Prior to 1870 the tall sun flower was found only as far east as the west line of Missouri. Fifteen years later it was abundant on the Wakenda prairie, and in a few years was abundant as far east as the Mississippi river.

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GOVERNOR GEO. W. P. HUNT a member of this society, the first governor of the state of Arizona was born at Huntsville, Missouri, November 1, 1859. His grandfather, Daniel Hunt, was one of the early pioneers of Missouri, donated the land on which the county seat was located, and the town was named in his honor. The governor was raised on a farm near Huntsville, and since he was nineteen years old he has been active in various ways in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, and a member of the legislature of the territory of Arizona several terms.

## GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

For want of funds if for no other reason this Society has not done much in genealogical matters, and can not be compared with the Minnesota Historical Society, which has all of the township histories and family genealogies of the United States and Canada. Its American genealogies number 2180 bound volumes, and 1125 pamphlets in addition to the publications of Societies.

It has been decided by this Society to see if Missouri wishes its historical society to give more attention to this kind of work, and if there shall be sufficient encouragement to make a department for the benefit of persons interested in Missouri family history or genealogy. The membership fee of the Society is only a nominal one, one dollar, and the Missouri Historical Review is sent to all members. We ask that all persons interested should write to the undersigned, and express an opinion as to the desirability of the Society giving more attention to genealogical work, giving a space in the Review to queries and answers relating to such work. All persons are further asked to deposit with the Society, for preservation and perhaps publication their family records. Address,

GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT,  
State Historical Society,  
Columbia, Mo.

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### QUERY.

**Lewis Family**—Can any reader of this column give me the ancestry of John Lewis who was born in Virginia and married Elizabeth Harvie about the year 1785, in Albermarle Co., Va. They moved to Kentucky late in the autumn of 1793, and the next year to Missouri, then Upper Louisiana Territory, crossing the Mississippi river on January 5, 1795. They settled about 28 miles west of St. Louis. Their oldest daughter, Sarah Griffin Lewis, married, about 1805, Daniel Morgan Boone, son of Daniel Boone, the frontiersman. Address,

GENEALOGIST DEPARTMENT,  
State Historical Society,  
Columbia, Mo.

## BOOK NOTICES.

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**The Spanish Settlements** within the present limits of the United States, 1513-1561. The Spanish Settlements within the present limits of the United States, Florida, 1562-1574. **Woodbury Lowery.** Putnam, 1911.

A more accurate title for these volumes, as must be obvious from the chronological limits, would be "Spanish Explorations and Settlements," but these volumes were evidently planned as the beginning of a comprehensive study of the general subject of Spanish colonization in the region indicated. As the author indicates in the preface and shows repeatedly in his treatment, the problem most interesting to him was the reasons for the ultimate failure of the Spanish.

Several criticisms may be suggested as to the method and treatment. The author's definition of an ideal history of a nation as one which contains "in parallel columns the history of the actions of her sister nations in like circumstances and under similar impulses," might be questioned, and the comparison of the exclusion of foreigners from the Spanish colonies with the exclusion of the Chinese from the United States shows a curious lack of historical perspective.

The body of the first volume is devoted to the Spanish explorers within the United States. The author follows the sources very closely, weaving them together into a long but intelligent and readable narrative, marked on the whole by a judicious appreciation of the obstacles and the redeeming virtues of the leaders. The introduction consists of a careful study of the environment and the natives, founded on monographic material, and a chapter on "Spain at the Close of the Fifteenth Century," which is based very largely on Prescott and Ticknor. As a study of Spanish psychology this chapter has interest and value, but the economic and political problems and conditions are almost ignored.

In the second volume the author shows a much firmer grip on his material and makes a wider use of monographs and secondary work. The field too is less worked over, and the contributions to knowledge more important. The narrative as in the first volume is built up directly on the sources, but the perspective and proportions are much better.

To the Missourian the most interesting local topic is no doubt the route of DeSoto and the question whether he reached Missouri. The author frankly refuses to identify the wanderings of the expedition west of the Mississippi, or to attempt to answer the question. In an appendix the difficulties of any such identification are so clearly and conclusively put forth that one is convinced that any positive answer is impossible.

**Calendar of Paper in Washington Archives** relating to the Territories of the United States. **David W. Parker.** Washington; Carnegie Institution; 1911.

This Calendar contains notices of Territorial Papers to be found in the collections of the Departments of State and Interior, the General Land Office, the House and Senate files, and in the library of Congress. The material proved so extensive that the Calendar is limited to papers of general interest and involving the Territory as a whole. While this test for inclusion was inevitable and probably satisfactory for the general investigator, it is rather tantalizing to the student of local history.

The papers dealing with Missouri are to be found under the three heads of Louisiana, Louisiana Territory and Missouri Territory. Under Louisiana are noted a number of Spanish letters before the purchase, dealing chiefly with the influx of Americans. Under the second heading are a number of most interesting papers dealing with the opposition to Governor Wilkinson and the factions which were so prominent in his time. Here, too, are a number of petitions, signed by several thousand citizens, which ought to be of great value to the genealogist. A little later is an interesting remonstrance against Judge Lucas. Other documents under the second

and third headings and of special interest, are petitions for the second grade of territorial government, from 1809 to 1812; a communion in reference to Missourians in captivity in Spanish Provinces, in 1817; and an inquiry in February, 1821, from Governor Clark who wished to know his legal status! The land claims and the survey figure extensively; here should be noted a number of sketch maps. Probably the most important papers calendared are the reports from the Territorial secretaries giving proclamations, appointments and executive acts of the governor, and the territorial laws. The set is by no means complete but very valuable as far as it goes, as the records for the territorial period long since disappeared from the state archives, probably in the fire of 1837.

Evidently the scope of this calendar is too limited to satisfy the student of Missouri history, but as far as it goes it is well done and deserves grateful recognition. Probably its most important service is incalling attention to this mass of unworked material.

**Fran** by John Breckenridge Ellis. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. (c. 1912).

The above rounds out at least a baker's dozen of Mr. Ellis' books, and this like his others holds the interest of the reader to the end. A young girl arrives at night at the home of a wealthy man who is really her father, but who has not known of her existence. She succeeds in compelling him to take her into his household because she "wants to belong to somebody." She has been a circus girl, a lion tamer; she now has come into a quiet rural village, into the home of her father, who is a leader in church affairs, the director of the choir, and famous for his charities all over the country. He had deserted Fran's mother, married another before the first wife was dead, and now, almost unconsciously was in love with his private secretary. Fran in short dresses concealing several years of her age, soon realizes the true condition of matters, and along with a love story of which she was the center, she made herself known to her father, and prevented the accomplishment of



what otherwise would have taken place between him and the secretary.

This girl, Fran, is the charm of the book; a girl, whimsical, quaint and shrewd, with a wonderful smile, the highest courage, and a great longing for home and love.

**Sixteenth Annual Report, 1911, of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society.** Albany, 1911.

This report made to the legislature of the state of New York is the largest report yet made by the Society, showing an increased recognition of the importance of the subject. The report has many maps, and sixty-five plates, showing objects of interest in various parts of the world. Of these there are two plates of scenes in Kansas City. An account is given of the park systems of Kansas City, St. Joseph and St. Louis. The report is an interesting and valuable one.

**The Administration of the English Borders during the reign of Elizabeth.** By Charles A. Coulomb, Ph. D. New York, 1911.

In late years universities do not give the degree of A. M. and Ph. D. so readily as formerly, but a graduate after his degree of A. B. must give proof of literary work by writing a thesis on some work that has required study and research in the preparation for it. The above was presented to the University of Pennsylvania for the degree of Ph. D. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, are agents for the publication.

**The American Government by Frederic J. Haskin,** New York, 1911.

This work containing a great amount of information is by a native of Missouri, who is a syndicate newspaper writer and his letters reach hundreds of thousands of readers. This work was prepared and each chapter submitted to some one in each department or bureau or to a chairman and the correctness of thirty chapters is attested by President Taft or other prominent person of authority. The information given is in an in-

teresting style, and when a person reads a chapter he can hardly lay the book down without continuing with the following chapter.

The author was raised at Shelbina, Shelby county, and was for a time editor of Torchlight of that place.

**The Strength of American Law Schools.** By Dr. Richard Henry Jesse, Yale Law Journal, March, 1912.

After many years of college service, and retirement with a Carnegie pension, Dr. Jesse, who is well known to so many classes of the University of Missouri, has not retired to a life of idleness but is actively interested in the literary questions of the day. The above paper shows that three-fourths of the American Law Colleges accept practically any one who pays the necessary fees for admission and lectures, and finally gives degree and diploma to such person. No suggestion is made as to how the college shall be compelled to raise its standard or close its doors, something that ought to be done for the credit of the profession.

**A History of the Keithley Family** with special reference to Levi Keithley and his descendants. By Jacob Carter Keithley. n. p. n. d. [1910].

We are pleased to add this genealogy to our collection of Missouri biography and authors, the author being a native of Missouri, now more than eighty years old. Some of the family came to Missouri before the end of the eighteenth century, and others a few years later.

Of the author and of his father, Levi, the work has full page engravings. We are indebted to the author for the addition to our collections of Missouri biography, Missouri author works and Missouri portraits.

**The Ethics of Wagner's The Ring of the Nibelung.** By Mary E. Lewis. N. Y. & Lond. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1906.

Wagner's Trilogie is based upon the Volsunga Sage, one of the oldest myths in existence, and found in the Eddas, which

were written in Icelandic at a period so distant that the date can not be fixed. According to the version as given by Wagner, two children, twins, a boy and a girl, were separated in infancy, and united in maturity that their offspring might redeem a world.

The husband and wife relation of the brother and sister is made somewhat less offensive by the Volsung children not knowing the original relation of each to the other.

The Ring of the Nibelung contains the history of the development of the thought of the world, the personages being fictitious, and representing steps or degrees in the ethical progress of mankind. The meaning of these is seen only by the close study by one who, like Mrs. Lewis, the authoress, gives a loving study to it. In fact Wagner himself did not at first realize the full meaning of his own story, as he says, "strange that not until I begin to compose does the inner significance of my poem reveal itself to me. Everywhere I discover secrets that had until then remained hidden even to myself."

The study made by the authoress was made in the interest of a body of musicians at Independence, Missouri, of which she was the leader, and should be studied preparatory to listening to the Wagnerian Music dramas.

**Memorial** from the legislative Council and House of Representatives of the Missouri Territory, on the subject of the defenseless situation of said Territory; and praying the aid of Congress in the defense thereof, etc, January 31, 1815. Read, and ordered to lie on the table. Washington: A. and G. Way. printers, 1815.

The Society has just received a copy of this memorial, which represented the exposed condition of the Territory to the attacks of Indians that might take the side of the British in the war with England then in progress, and the fact that if the enemy succeeded in their attempts to gain the Missouri Indians the coalition would be too formidable for the force that the Territory could bring into the field.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon within and for Multnomah County. **William T. Muir.** In memoriam. 1863-1911.

The above has portrait and sketch of Mr. Muir who was born in Boonville, Missouri, November 4, 1863, practiced law in Portland, Oregon, was elected to the legislature of that state in 1905 and died November 4, 1911, at Tucson, Arizona, where he was trying to regain his health.

**Our Trip Around the World.** A series of letters written by **J. D. Rebo** and published by the author. Keokuk, n. d.

The author, of Alexandria, Missouri, made a trip from New York to San Francisco in the Hamburg-American steamer Cleveland, with 657 Americans, leaving New York October 16, 1909, and fifteen weeks afterwards arriving at San Francisco by way of the Suez canal.

The author interestingly tells, in a book of 230 pages, with many illustrations, of the places visited, and the happenings of the trip. The receptions given the party at various places in foreign lands, many of them costing large sums of money, show the increasing interest of the people of the world in this country. We are pleased to add it to our collection of Missouri authors.

**Laboratory Experiments in General Chemistry.** By **Herman Schlundt**, Professor of Physical Chemistry University of Missouri. Second edition revised. Columbia, 1912.

Prof. Schlundt has become known as an authority on radium, and has published on it and other chemical subjects. The above second edition of a work is intended for college students who have not had a previous course in chemistry in a preparatory school, and will serve to make the student interested in his work, as well as to assist him in it.

**Business and Manufacturing Corporations** (Domestic and Foreign) under Missouri Laws, by **John H. Sears**, of the St. Louis Bar. St. Louis, Counselors Publishing Company, 1910.

In thirty chapters the subject of the title page is so fully covered that it would seem that any one, whether lawyer or layman, would be able to know what the law is as to organization, charter, by-laws, capital stock, stockholders, consolidations, receivers, and all the other questions that might come up about these organizations that have in some cases become so powerful, and have the power to benefit or to oppress the people. The book is of nearly five hundred octavo pages, well printed and bound, and a creditable addition to the list of books by Missouri authors.

**Boonslick—Santa Fe Trail.** Missouri's First Cross-State Highway. "The College Route." Words and music by **T. Berry Smith**, Central College, Fayette, 1911.

This is a welcome addition to six other publications by Prof. Smith, in the library of the Society. It is in sheet music form, and on the title page it has a map of a strip sixty miles wide extending from St. Louis to Kansas City, showing this highway, the Missouri river, and the colleges located within that strip, numbering twenty-five in addition to those at St. Louis and Kansas City.

Central Wesleyan College ordered a large number of copies, and on February 8th it was sung at chapel exercises, and the *Star* says that "if the pioneers that blazed the trail when primeval forests decked the land had heard the singing they would have deemed it no little pay for their hardships."

**Commentaries on the law in Shakespeare** with explanations of the legal terms used in the plays, poems and sonnets, and discussions of the criminal types presented. By **Edw J. White**, author of "Mines and Mining Remedies," "Personal Injuries in Mines," "Personal Injuries on Railroads," Editor "Third Edition Tiedeman on Real Property," etc. St. Louis, F. H. Thomas Law Book Co., 1911. 8 vo. 524 pp. Price \$3.50.

The dedication of the work is "To Mary A. Wadsworth, of Columbia, Missouri, a most profound student of Shakespeare, Shakespearian lecturer and author of 'Shakespeare and

Prayer," whose friendship and encouragement prompted the collaboration of these commentaries, the work is respectfully inscribed, with the author's admiration and regards."

Walpole early in the eighteenth century first suggested the idea that the plays of Shakespeare had been written by Lord Bacon, and this in expanded theory and evidence form was first presented by Delia Bacon, of Ohio, in 1857; to the present time it has been advocated by various persons and efforts made to show proofs by publications and even by digging in the bed of a river.

The author in his introductory chapter in his loyalty to Shakespeare presents reasons convincing him that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, and not somebody else. At first thought one would not think that the English law had been so lavishly expounded by the poet, in his plays and poems. This was done so accurately and consistently that they furnish the best quotations and references for a lawyer's use that general literature has ever produced. For this reason lawyers will find it useful in the preparation and trial of cases, and the unlearned in the law need these commentaries to give them the meaning, reason or history of the law term used.

A chapter is given to the law terms and references of each play, and the general index is so full that the lawyer can readily find quotations on any subject desired by him.

The work is of lasting importance and future editions will be demanded by the Shakespearian lawyer and Shakespearian reader.

## NECROLOGY.

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W. T. BAIRD a banker at Kirksville, and a member of this society, died there March 3, 1912. In 1859 he helped organize the Kirksville branch of the Bank of St. Louis, and has ever since been in the banking business. He was for years the Moderator of the Cumberland Presbyterian church and since its union with the Presbyterian church has been Moderator of the Kirksville Presbytery of the latter church. He was chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Missouri Valley College at Marshall, and the founder of chair of Greek there. For twenty-five years he was treasurer of the Kirksville Normal school, and has been treasurer of Adair county and of Kirksville. He was 77 years of age.

HON. CHAS. P. BLAKELY was born in Platte county, Missouri, seventy-seven years ago. In 1868 he went to Benton, Montana, and in 1888 was elected to the Territorial legislature, and was speaker of the House when the territory became a state. President Cleveland appointed him register of the United States land office, and in 1907-08 he was sergeant-at-arms of the House. He discovered an old camp of Lewis and Clark near Bozeman, and recovered many relics at the camp. He died near Bozeman Feb. 28, 1912.

JUDGE THOMAS CONNELLY was born near Enfield in White county, Illinois, and when only twenty-one years of age was elected a member of the legislature. He came to Stoddard county, Missouri, about thirty years ago. He was elected Probate Judge and served three terms. He also served as Mayor of Bloomfield. He died at Bloomfield February 10, 1912.

GEN. JOHN WILLOCK NOBLE was born in Lancaster Ohio, October 26, 1831, was educated in the schools of Cincin-

nati, Miami University, and a graduate of Yale in 1851. He was admitted to the bar in Ohio in 1853, and in St. Louis in 1885, afterwards he went to Iowa, and practiced law till 1861, when he enlisted in the Third Iowa Cavalry in which he held the positions from lieutenant to colonel, and was brevetted Brigadier General by Congress. After the war he returned to St. Louis; was appointed United States district attorney in 1867, and from 1889 to 1893 was secretary of the interior in Harrison's cabinet. During his term the territory of Oklahoma was opened to settlement, from which he has been called the "Father of Oklahoma." He died March 22, 1912, in St. Louis in a house he built there forty years ago.















